THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

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Operetta Next Thursday, Friday, Saturday

Med-Engineer Penny Duel Coming Monday

Three Days to See Struggle For Grand Superiority; Lines Of Pennies Start at Tuck Shop

One Line to Head Towards Med Building, Other Across Quadrange to Engineers' Lab.—Lines Form "V"

SHADES OF ANCIENT MED-ENGINEER FISTIC DUELS

Enthusiasm for the Ambulance Fund has swelled the hearts of every student at the University, and each day sees at least one or more different schemes for raising funds for the worthy cause put forward.

Arousing widespread interest among the entire student body, as well as among the Engineers and Medical students, is the Med-Engineer race scheduled for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. Many students see in this plan a return of the good old days when the Engineers and Meds clashed in deadly rivalry as to which was the strongest faculty. Such battle royals were merely displays of physical superiority. This test is the real test of complete supremacy. Who will win?

Starting from the Tuck Shop, the "Miles of Pennies" will start in two directions, one toward the Medical Building, down 89th Avenue, the other across the quadrangle toward the Engineering buildings. The plan for the miles is a perfect V, truly for Victory, our victory in this project.

Arranging the Engineers' part of the race is George McDougall, while the Meds' endeavors will be guided by Bob Macbeth and Blair Fulton.

Each senior Engineer , that is, every third and fourth year student, has guaranteed to purchase five feet of tape at a cent an inch. This amount of tape will go a long way toward the objective—the Engineering building.

Plans for the Medical end of the race have not been disclosed, but with Macbeth and Fulton in charge, one can guess that the Meds are out to make the race a mighty battle.

Offer Musical Scholarship To Young Artists

Canadian Performing Right Society, Ltd., are Sponsors

SIR ERNEST MacMILLAN AMONG JUDGES

It has often been said that for those with the will there is always a way to the top, and certainly opportunities for the highly skilled are not lacking in Canada in the way of scholarships along all lines. Of particular interest to music lovers is the contest announced by the Canadian Performing Right Society, Limited, for musical compositions.

The scholarship is awarded to the student of either sex, under twenty-two years of age on March 1, 1942, whose compositions show the most talent and imagination. The scholarship is tenable at the Toronto Conservatory of Music for one year.

In a competition of this nature and value, the original compositions should be of fairly advanced standard. Candidates are asked for two musical works, one of which should be a song.

The value of the scholarship is $750 per year, $400 of which is reserved for maintenance. The cost of travelling to and from Toronto must be borne by the scholar.

Three cash prizes of $50 each are being awarded to the second, third and fourth candidates in order of merit. Closing date for application for the scholarship is March 1, 1942, by which date application forms together with the material there specified and original compositians mlst be received.

Listed among the judges are such outstanding musicians as Sir Ernest MacMillan, Mr. Hector Charlesworth, Professor Leo Smith, member of the Faculty of Music at the University of Toronto, Capt. J. J. Gagnier, Mr. Godfrey Hewitt, organist of Christ Church Cathedral in Ottawa, and Mr. H. T. Jamieson, president of the Canadian Performing Right Society.

In such a nation-wide competition it is only fitting that some student at the University of Alberta should be among the contestants. For those who are interested, application forms and further details can be obtained at the Registrar's office.

Spanish Club Plans Meeting

Scheduled for Monday evening, Jan. 26, at 7:30 p.m., at St. Joseph's is the first meeting of the Spanish Club to be held in 1942. The meeting will feature the singing of such good old Spanish songs as "El Rancho Grande," "La Paloma," "La Cucaracha," and even the odd nursery rhyme. These Latin rhythms and the words sung in "that South American way" by North American students combine to create a very Spanish atmosphere.

However, as most members of the club just commenced the study of Spanish last fall, a special invitation is extended to all other students on the campus who have at one time or another taken Spanish courses. Particularly welcome would be a few good male voices—and we know there are some around in the third year Commerce class.

Brother Ansbert will lead the singing, and accompaniment will be provided on the piano and guitar to give the correct atmosphere.

Pick up your tickets in the Arts basement any morning, or at Heintzman's on Jasper Ave. any afternoon.

'Door Club Has Skating Party

Where did 150 students have the skate of their life Thursday night? Why, at the Outdoor Club's second skating party, where good music, good ice and good company combined for a perfect time. Variations through tags, reverse skates, trios only, eliminations and moonlight skates (there was a moon this time) turned just another night of skating into something to remember.

Interesting sidelights—those cute little comments of Announcer Ross Upton, Sid Legg's call to the dressing room, Secord Jackson's request for a ladies' tag, Margaret Moore pinning white paper ambulances on those who dropped a dime in the "Coke Bottle."

But being a super-skating party, it was finished off at the clubhouse. One of these now famous bonfires lit the slippery ski-hill down which most everyone finally seemed to use their fanny to coast right into the cabin. An impromptu square dance mixed with singing and coffee, climaxed the evening.

Proceeds collected at the rink were turned over to the Ambulance Fund and amounted to $10.50.

To those in charge of the event, thanks is due—Margaret Moore, who collected the dimes at the rink and looked after all preparations for the coffee; Bob Crosby, who manfully chopped the wood for the bonfire; Secord Jackson, who blistered her finger cutting out those little ambulances; and Keith MacGregor and Don Harvey, who had the fires going at the cabin when the thundering herd arrived.

Chem Banquet Next Wednesday

Ninth annual banquet of the Chemistry Society of the University has been set for Wednesday, January 28, at 7 p.m., at the Corona Hotel.

Motif of the affair will, as usual as usual at Chemical Club, be beakers, florence flasks and other research paraphernalia. Chem. Club bouquet menus have always been saved for their original and surprising features, and this year's program promises no change in this respect.

Tickets for this semi-formal and no-corsage function can be obtained for one dollar from any of the following: Bob Betts, Jim Roxborough, Ralph Jamieson, Ray Lemeiux, Dennis Law, Brian Reesor, Joe Heath, or Wilf Hahn.

Brahms Heard Musical Club

An all-Brahms program was presented to a full audience of students and representatives of many musical groups in the city at one of the most enjoyable meetings of the Musical Club in many months—the first of the 1942 season. Mr. Nichols gave a brief paper touching on highlights in the career of Brahms, which served as a baskground for the better understanding of the works to follow. He told of the composer's boyhood in his native Hamburg where, like "a true little Hamburger," to use Mr. Nichols' apt phrase, he imbibed a love of nature and beauty. He struggled hard for his musical education and began giving piano concerts at the age of fifteen. At twenty-one he met Schumann, whose friendship and enthusiastic belief in his ability stimulated Brahms to his highest achievements. Mr. Nichols stressed Brahms' high artistic standards and his delight in grand and romantic nature. In his intellectuality, his complexity, his avoidance of dramatic form and disdain for sensuous beauty for its own sake, Brahms is akin to the classical composers Bach and Beethoven, but his powerful imagination links him also with the romantics. All the schools of the time, classicists, followers of Schumann and the school of Liszt, claimed him as their own.

In the unfortunate absence of Mr. Joe Busheikin, Miss Jean Eveleigh of Calgary substituted at very short notice, playing three intermezzi, Opus 118 No. 1, Opus 119 No. 2 and 3. Her performance was adequate, though a slight slip of memory in her second selection and occasional lack of breadth and clarity were noticeable. The climax of her third selection was very thin and disappointing. But on the whole, Miss Eveleigh's performance was nicely phrased and showed a fine conception of the nature of the works.

The clear lyric soprano of Miss Barbara Gillman was then heard in two Brahms songs, Sapphic Ode and Return Home. Neither of the songs was suited to her voice, the Sapphic Ode in particular being obviously out of her range. Miss Gillman does not seem to be happy in lieder. Brahms is too heavy and dramatic for her. But she gave a sensitive and artistic interpretation, and we feel that Miss Gillman realizes her own limitations, a quality of intelligent musicianship which many city singers would do well to emulate. Miss Molloy, as usual, gave a very sound performance as accompanist.

We were disappointed in Miss Mary Brownlee's Rhapsody in E Flat, which lacked the brilliance she has displayed in previous performances. Perhaps the occasional burring and general failure to give the work the animation and dramatic quality it requires may be attributed to insufficient preparation or to the notoriously bad piano.

The major work of the evening was the Sonata for Violin and Piano in A Major, played by Miss Mary Makar and Miss Jean Eveleigh. Miss Makar, who is remembered as one of U. of A's fine musicians of a few years ago, gave a splendid performance, well controlled, confident and always artistic. She has an attractive stage manner and a lovely tone, which was especially remarkable in the beautiful singing quality of the cantilina in the last movement. At all times Miss Makar showed herself capable of changing with the mood of the music, and brought out the strongly contrasted themes of the second movement well. At the beginning of the second theme of this movement, however, the performers were not quite together. Miss Eveleigh naturally displayed much more finish in this work, at no time falling to the level of mere accompaniment, but realizing that the piano has as great a responsibility as the violon in a work of this kind.

As encores, Miss Makar played three very familiar works of Brahms. The lovely Waltz in A Flat Major was delicately played; but with a tendency, particularly on the part of the piano, to lose Brahms' more subtle rhythm for the swing of a Strauss waltz. In the fiery Hungarian dance No. 2, violin and piano were not always strictly together, and the middle section was a trifle lumpy. As a final number, Miss Makar chose the Wurlitzer-worn Cradle Song popularized by Bing Crosby, but none the less enjoyable. To all these numbers Miss Makar brought a freshness which compensated for the hackneyed character of the works.

The evening was remarkable for the high standard of musicianship displayed by performers so young.

Have you dropped a dime, or at least a nickel, in one of the coke bottles today?

Campus Rallying To Support War Ambulance Fund

"We're going to buy an ambulance. Just like that." "A carriage for carrying wounded. What do we know about wounded? In some far-off country people are getting wounded, so we buy them an ambulance. Just like that."

"The British took Bengasi today. Pretty good, eh, Joe? Have a light? Those Russians sure have the Nazis on the run, too."

"Yeh."

"It's queer, but an awful lot of us people seem to have an attitude like that. There isn't any fighting going on here, so we're safe. After the first flurry of excitement in the Pacific, we have settled down to our usual nonchalant complacency. We've got to fight, Joe? 'God grants liberty only to those who are willing to guard and defend it.' I like that. Sneer if you will, but we've got something on the ball. Sure our nation has made mistakes, and we can hope to God they won't be made again. Maybe this wolf at our door will make us sit up and take notice. Maybe we can resurrect those cobwebbed ideals discarded after the last 'fight for Democracy.' Maybe now we'll have to tighten our belts and wish to God we'd forsook our smugness for a little old fashioned horse sense.

"This talk of liberty and victory sure bores you, doesn't it, Joe? Well, let's tackle it from another angle. Take your son, Rudy, for instance. If those hellers did come over, what would he do? He'd get sent to school. A school, hah! All he'd get taught would be hate. He'd eat, sleep and heart hate. It would be high-pressure sold. There would be no escaping it! Your son would learn to hate and kill like any murderer. You wouldn't like that. And then there's your daughter Mira. Have you been thinking of her? She wouldn't get to college like you've planned. She'd learn to work in any occupation camp that would keep her healthy and able to raise more boys like your Rudy. Think it over, Joe. And then we have the Japs to contend with. They're bad clean through. Fighting is born and bred right in them. I've heard tell of them being mowed down like with a mower, and still keep coming. And they don't fight fair. Not that war is any place to wave a book of ideals in, but at least there are a few things that us Teutons won't do, even when we are fighting. We still remember the odd ethic.

"Well, there's the whistle, Joe. Let's get back. I know I haven't made any point clear, or offered any solution. It's up to better men than me to do that. Guys like Roosevelt and Churchill, for instance; they're pretty good. I'm just a little fanatical about this freedom thing, that's all. So long, Joe. Thanks for the smoke."

NOTICE

AMBULANCE DOLLAR CLUB

It has been brought to the attention of the Ambulance Committee that a large number of supporters would like to make a straight donation of one dollar to the fund. This is the approximate amount per student, which will put the campaign over.

Consequently the Committee has set up machinery to take care of this situation. Yellow and green metal buttons bearing the words "Ambulance $ Club," will henceforth be issued to all dollar donors. A list of all students handling these buttons will be published in the next Gateway. These pins will be a virtual "pass" on future "Superdime Days."

NOTICE

Members of the Wauneita Executive would request that co-eds do not eat their lunches in the Upper Wauneita room. Co-eds will realize that the room has been redecorated for the enjoyment of all women students this year and for many years to come, and accidents with coffee and the like will happen. The executive would like to suggest that lunches could be eaten in either the Lower Wauneita room or the Med Wauneita. Every co-ed should feel it her personal responsibility to keep the Upper Wauneita as spick and span as possible.

Coeds Serve Army Coffee

"Everything stops for tea" — even the C.O.T.C., only in this case it's not tea, but coffee and doughnuts for a nickel, to be served on Mondays through Friday at 4 o'clock and again at 5 o'clock, and on Saturdays from 3:15 till 4 o'clock, by the canteen and commissariat section of the Women's War Services. The W.W.W's are sending a group of eight or nine of their members down to the drill hall to "serve it up" to the boys.

The idea was conceived when the girls decided that the problems of "how many pounds of this" and "how many pounds of that," of "how many people," and "how much it would cost," and all the other "how manys and how much's," would not only be far more interesting, but far more practical if they went a step further and actually applied the principles that so far they had only worked out on paper.

The result is a super-efficient organization that in five minutes can and does serve seventy-five tired people with cups of steaming hot coffee and fresh, delicious doughnuts. They make the ten-minute interval not only a break in the drill, but also a lift. The girls have it worked out to an absolute science so that not a single movement is wasted when the command "Fall out" is given and the rush comes. The cashiers are waiting to make quick change, the coffee is all ready to be poured into the rows of cups, so the boys can pile quickly down the line. There must no hitches at this point.

All equipment was bought by the C.O.T.C., so that it was up to the canteen group to put their plan over. The idea is not to make money, but just to break even. Any surplus is turned back into buying more food. The more efficient the group becomes at buying and organizing, the more will be sold for the five cents. Not only is there the matter of the actual food preparation and serving, but a surprising amount of planning including the actual purchases of food and the bookkeeping entailed by it.

Directing and planning is Marg Willox, one of our senior House Ec. students, who says that while the job is a big one, it is practical, interesting and fun. For each day there is a leader, and under each leader is a staff of eight or nine girls, who handle the canteen work for that day. Each one in the group has her own particular job and does it competently, so that the maximum in speed and service can be attained. Group leaders are Norma Coburn, Marg Fraser, Gwen Daw, Jeannette Hinman and Mary Weir. Each group has its own treasurer, who acts as cashier. They are Vira Curry, Norma Hogg, Muriel Sangster, Doreen Stetson and Peggy Viney. General treasurer is Ruth Rostrup, who handles the funds for the whole organization.

The job is being well done, and the members of this section deserve a great deal of credit for the manner in which they have worked it out. It was their chance to show the army just how practical and efficient the women of this campus can be when it comes to doing our bit in the war effort. The girls think it's a wonderful idea—but definitely, and the general opinion among the C.O.T.C. boys is one in exact agreement.

Student Teachers Return to Campus

Back on the campus after two weeks of practice teaching, College of Education students resumed classes on Monday morning. Many of them expressed their pleasure to be back among friends after nearly a month's absence.

The student teachers were placed in various town high schools throughout the province. Among these points were included Athabaska, Riley, Redcliffe, Kathryn, Leduc, Lamont, Barrhead, Radway, Westlock, Smoky Lake, Millet, Stoney Plain, Castor, Sangudo, Clyde, and others.

All students reported a wonderful time combined with a good share of hard work. Evidently teaching presents its problems. Lesson planning requires a good review of courses long forgotten. Algebra questions have to be solved in order not to present sticklers on the morrow. Presenting a lesson to a wide-awake group of youngsters is a far cry from taking down lecture notes in between naps.

Two of the students took over full charge of their respective schools for the two weeks, and are remaining as substitute teachers until the end of the month.

Social activities were not entirely overshadowed by the duties of the profession. Reports of skating, skiing, dances, parties, leave little doubt all was not "work and no play."

Advance Ticket Sale Now On In Arts Basement; Saturday Seats Are Already Sold Out

Campus "A" Cards Good for 25 Cents on Ticket

LIMITED NUMBER RUSH

Tickets Also Selling at Heintzman's

Advance ticket sale for that merriest of all Gilbert and Sullivan comic operettas, "Pirates of Penzance," coming to Convocation Hall on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week, Jan. 29th, 30th and 31st, with a matinee Saturday afternoon, opened today at 9 o'clock in the ticket booth, Arts basement. Ticket prices range from 25 cents to a dollar with Campus "A" cards good for 25 cents—provided they are exchanged before the show. A limited number of rush seats will be available only, as record attendances are expected.

For the convenience of overtown fans, the ticket sale will be taken to Heintzman's on Jasper Ave. every afternoon, and tickets will be available there from 1 o'clock to 4:30.

"Pirates of Penzance" will this year appear one day earlier than usual, that is, the first performance will be on Thursday evening instead of starting Friday with a carryover on Monday. The proximity of the Air Force and Normal School is expected to create a greater rush on tickets than ever. Be sure to get yours early, and remember the dates —just one week from Thursday, Friday and Saturday in Convocation Hall, with a Saturday afternoon matinee. You can get ticks either in Arts basement in the mornings or at Heintzman's in the afternoons.

Own Convocation Is Being Planned Med Graduates

The graduating class in Medicine are to have their degrees conferred separate and distinct from general convocation. This results from a special war effort that went into effect last year. The Class of '42 started work last July after only a short holiday. All through the hot summer months they divided their time between classrooms and the city hospitals. At present most of them are interning, and all are hard at preparation for their final exams.

The class consists of 43 men and 4 women. Their examinations start Saturday, Feb. 7, and continue until Feb. 21. They will then have a short break until graduation on the evening of March 7th.

Plans are being made now by the class executive for the graduation ceremonies. The Convocation speaker has not yet been chosen, nor has the time and place of the graduation banquet and dance been set. Arrangements are under way, too, for a tea just after graduation, to which the parents of the class will be invited.

It has been necessary in the past for the doctors to add a year of internship to their six years of study in classroom and lab. The regulations, due to the war, have been changed so that this class will have to interne for only eight months. It is quite possible that fifth year Meds from now on will start work June 1, and be able to graduate by December of the same year. This speed-up policy may possibly apply to the fourth year as well. The whole intention of the authorities is to get more doctors ready for war emergencies. The Class of '42 all have fairly definite plans for joining the war effort.

Paul Rentiers, quiet and competent class representative of the graduating class, says that a lot of credit is due to Dr. Ower for putting Alberta in the forefront in the accelerated program. Alberta was first to accept the new plan.

Not only is Dr. Ower and the whole medical faculty due for much credit, but the class itself has accepted an added burden of work and responsibility. They are going further, and plan to continue an "all-out" effort for Canada's war.

C.O.T.C. Band Plays At Tea

While members of the Wauneita War Workers serve tea Monday afternoon in support of the Ambulance Fund, and while Varsity army reservists taste sandwiches, cake and cookies donated by co-eds, the C.O.T.C. band, under the direction of Sergeant S. Smolyk, will enliven the proceedings with selections from popular melodies.

The band is playing with the kind permission of Col. P. S. Warren.

Some thirty men are in the O.T.C. band, and after very intensive practise they promise an entertaining concert.

Tuesday, Feb. 17 Is Date Chosen For Coed Banquet

To be Held in Corona

FOR WOMEN ONLY

Tuesday, Feb. 17th, has been chosen by the Wauneita Society as the date for their annual dinner, at which all Alberta co-eds have occasion to eat, talk and be merry. This formal dinner (for women only), which is one of the major campus functions, will be held this year at the Corona. The banquet holds a special attraction, particularly for the Freshettes, who heretofore have not had an opportunity to mingle with so many of their college sisters at one gathering. For the Seniors, who will shortly be leaving our Alma Mater, the dinner has a special significance in that many of the girls will, in all likelihood, be living in widely scattered areas by the time next year's banquet approaches.

In the near future, lists of the names of those girls who bought combination bouquets and dance tickets will appear on the bulletin boards. The executive will also post blank sheets for those desiring to purchase tickets, to write their names on.

The Wauneita Executive comprises Helen Warnock, president; Margaret Ferguson, vice-president; Gladys Vickery, secretary-treasurer; Mary Barbara Mason, Senior rep.; Evelyn Peterson, Junior rep.; Doris Williams, Frosh rep.; and Chris Willox, W.W.W. rep.

Information may be obtained from any of the above girls for those wishing to attend this annual affair.

Philosoph Essay Is Approaching

Whether you have attended the meetings of the Philosophical Society or not, you are eligible to write in their annual contest. Actually there have been more students at the meetings this year than formerly.

All undergraduates are invited to attempt the essay, as the society has decided to withdraw the scholarship it has offered in previous years. Consequently the prizes for the essay contest are the only presentations to be made this year. You need only have ready a pseudonym and a pen, Wednesday evening, March 4th, 8 o'clock, and take your seat in Convocation Hall. The contest is conducted in the same manner as a three-hour examination. The list of ten or fifteen subjects is submitted, you choose any one, and write as much or as little as you please on it. The topics this year will all bear some relation to the papers given at the Philosophy Society meetings. If you find nothing that you can write about you simply retire, no harm done.

Judges are usually selected from the staff. They read over the manuscripts and eliminate some, then submit the remainder to a final decision. The first prize is $25.00, the second $15.00, and the third $10.00.

There have been three papers read to the society this year: Dr. Johns of the Classics Department spoke on "Philip of Macedon and Hitler"; Mr. Salter's paper was entitled "Useless Knowledge"; while just recently Mr. Lambertson gave a tolk on "Background Music in the Movies."

Anyone with a literary bent among the undergraduates should plan on trying the contest. Remember the place, Convocation Hall; the time, 8 oclcok; the date, March 4; the prizes, $50.00. Watch for notices.

NOTICE

A regular meeting of the Mathematics Club will be held in A139 on Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 7 p.m. The speaker, Dr. A. J. Cook, will discuss the topic, "High School Mathematics." All persons interested are cordially invited to attend.

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RELIGION AND THE UNIVERSITY

A VERY interesting resolution was passed by the United Farm Women of Alberta during the past week. Brought in by the Rossvelt group, it read: "Whereas there is such a growing indifference towards religion, and whereas many parents hesitate to send their children to the University of Alberta because of the irreligious of certain departments of the University, therefore be it resolved that we ask the University to encourage rather than discourage religious beliefs."

Such a resolution could never pass an intelligent body without the most careful investigation into the validity and the implications of the charge. Obviously such care was not taken. We at the University can discount the resolution as a serious charge. Nevertheless, it is in itself a good example of an opinion prevalent among many people.

Very often this is the cause. Johnny comes home after his Freshman year and makes the bold statement that the world did not start as laid down in the Book of Genesis. Or he may question the orthodox conception of Christ. Or he may question the orthodox conception of God Himself. The parents, who may nave long accepted the religious beliefs of their sect as a matter of course, are shocked. Johnny is an atheist. No matter how passively they may have taken their religion prior to Johnny's apostasy, they now become passionate missionaries trying to re-concert the smiling, self-confident young heretic. And they curse the University as a den of iniquity.

The general public must become better informed of the nature of the University. They are wrong in thinking that the University is a united institution with one outlook, one attitude towards life, one standard set of beliefs. The University is primarily a community. It is not a collection of departments. It is a collection of men. On the whole, the men are above the average in intelligence, although there are exceptions. It is a varied collection of men. Some have conservative political views, some have liberal, some socialist, some communist. Regarding religion, there are Catholics, Jews, Protestants, some so-called fundamentalists, and some so-called modernists. There are others who profess no religious beliefs whatsoever. They are atheists. The majority remain religiously anonymous, religion seldom if ever coming within the realm of the subject they teach. So it would be a pretty hard job to say to the institution as a whole, be more considerate toward religion. If the public complains, it should be about individuals, not the whole institution nor particular departments.

But should the public wish these anti-religious views suppressed? The young of the community are sent to the University, or should be sent to the University, to be broadened out by drinking from many fountains. They must learn to discriminate between that which is true and that which is not true. Above all, they must learn that there is a whole grey mass of things called half-truths.

They must come to understand the different mentalities. If you as a citizen are a communist, you may resent your son's hearing "capitalistic propaganda." If you are a bank director, more than likely you will resent his hearing "a lot of red nonsense." The good atheist's parents may dislike their children being within the same walls as professors of theology. The religious parents disapprove of their young hearing atheistic ideals. If we make these objections, then the idea of a liberal institution where men may freely gather and discuss, where men are able to sift grain from shaff becomes an impossibility.

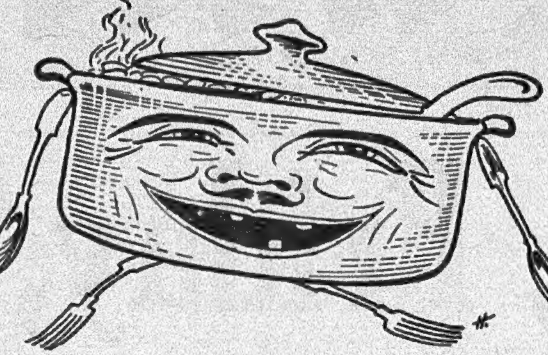
The public must be asked this question: Do they wish the minds of their young cultivated like tender greenhouse plants sheltered by glass from the cold outside, or do they want them to grow intellectually like oaks on the side of a windy hill, their roots deep and their trunks strong?

Does the University present the religious case? On this campus we have two theological colleges. Some courses by members of their faculties are open to Arts students. Many of the students who are not taking theology take one or more of these courses. The Students' Christian Movement is entrenched on the campus. Church services are held Sunday mornings. Visiting church leaders, such as Dr. John R. Mott, address the student body, presenting the case for religion.

There is no anti-religious atmosphere at the University. At the most, there is one of impartiality. A very great percentage of students, like other young Canadians, take no interest whatsoever in religion. If young people as a result of their studies begin to think about religion, even to formulate reasons why they disagree with orthodox religion, the religious public should be thankful. For whether they know it or not, they are on their own ways towards finding God.

A word to students. Some of you have, or you may say that you have, developed beliefs differing from those of your fathers and mothers. Remember that your parents grew up in a different environment. Remember that many older people are incapable of changing their attitude toward their religious beliefs. At the most, you will shock them. You will never convince them. Be thoughtful and considerate. Above all, have to courage to say that your beliefs are your own, freely chosen. Do not be so untrue as to say that "the University taught it."

CASSEROLE



"I'm not the happiest person in the world, but I'm next to the happiest," murmured the supreme egotist as he took the sweet young thing into his arms.

* * * *

Husband—I miss the old cuspidor since its gone.
Wife—You missed it before. That's why it's gone.

* * * *

Parson—Do you know the parables, my child?
Johnny—Yes, sir.
Parson—And which of the parables do you like best?
Johnny—I like the one where somebody loafs and fishes.

* * * *

Jock—And how do you like your radio, Mack?
Mac—Mon, it's grand, but the wee light's hard to read by.

* * * *

Mother—After all, he's only a boy, and boys will sow their wild oats.
Father—Yes, but I wouldn't mind if he didn't mix in so much rye.

* * * *

After considerable effort the Freshman finally finished his examination paper, and then at the end wrote:
"Dear Professor: If you sell any of my answers to the funny papers I expect you to split fifty-fifty with me."

* * * *

Chemistry Professor—What can you tell me about nitrates?
Student—Well—er—they're a lot cheaper than day rates.

* * * *

She was only the optician's daughter—two glasses and she made a spectacle of herself.

* * * *

Some men smile in the evening,
Some men smile at dawn,
But the man worth-while
Is the man who can smile
When he two front teeth are gone.

* * * *

The gentleman rapped on the farm-house door somewhere in the hill-billy country of Wyoming. A young boy answered.
"Is your father in?"
"Nope. He's out in the fields, working."
"Is your mother in?"
"Nope. She's in town shopping."
"Have you any brothers or sisters?"
"Yep. One brother."
"Where's he?"
"He's at Harvard."
"Remarkable for this part of the country. What's he doing there?"
"Oh, they've got him in a bottle. He's got two heads."

* * * *

"Did you ever break a date?"
"Did I! Everyone I went out with."

* * * *

"Isn't this antique furniture gorgeous? I wonder where Mrs. Butts got that huge, old chest?"
"They tell me her old lady was the same way."

Thomas Atkins . . . After Waterloo

By John Harker

"If we are to stand firm in the days that are coming, we must consider well the rock whence we are hewn and the root whence we are sprung."—George Catlin, "Anglo-Saxon Tradition.")

It was late summer in Paris. Already Waterloo had faded into retrospect. The "Northumberland," bearing the reputed "greatest soldier" of the age—a prisoner—was well on its way to St. Helena.

The Duke of Wellington—created a "Prince" and three times a "Duke"—was in command of the allied army of occupation. The fountain of honor had already run dry. There was no decoration left in Europe to bestow upon him. Notwithstanding his arduous duties—the endless reviews, absorption in major and minor diplomacy—he could still dine quietly with friends. Walter Scott and two ladies would sup with him that evening.

An attentive Secretary for War frequently bombarded him from London with irritating questions. The young Palmerston had been told many things—an 'earful" in our day —but always of his Peninsular regiments the "Duke" spoke with pride. He never forgot the old 33rd. Nothing could equal the British soldier in the field. It concerned him greatly to do something for them.

In May last he had longed for 40,000 British infantry in anticipation of his meeting with Napoleon. Conversing in the park at Brussels, a pert civilian had asked what he would make of it? "There," said the "Dukee," pointing a long finger to the scarlet figure of a British private, "it all depends upon him."

An officer from London awaits an audience. He has a new "Soldier's Account Book" to submit for the Duke's approval. A specimen name is needed to show how and where it should be filled in. Assuming the approval of the new form, would the Field Marshal suggest the name to be used for instructional purposes.

The "Iron Duke" looked over the form, then, motioning the officer to be seated, relapsed into a reverie lasting many minutes. The pre-occupation completely astonished and bewildered the attending officer. Was the name of such much importance? Why not Tom Jones or John Smith—any name should do.

Not so, to this judicious and masterly mind. This eagle of the Gods. (The long-nosed —— that beat "Bony" was, on occasion, the apt allusion of an exuberant private.) The name so given and used will immortalize every private soldier of the British Army.

In retrospect, Colonel Wellesley is back with his first command, a small column, entangled in the darkness, engaged in clearing the approaches to Seringapatam and opening the road to fame.

A tear falls as Sir Arthur recalls the casualty returns at Badajoz. A cruel price paid to swing open the gates of Portugal. Then on to Salamanca and the "Vivas" of Spanish voices—to join issue with Marmont, and develop the attack which beat forty thousand men in forty minutes. He rode with the advancing lines of his own infantry that day. Now the long corridors of Spain are open and his guns at Vitoria have echoed across Europe.

What a night of damp discomfort they spent on the ridge in front of Waterloo. There was food and fires in the British bivouacs—he had seen to that. Child's play to what we saw in Spain, cheerfully observed the old campaigner.

The pale dawn, heralding the battle that was to free Europe for some time from the scourge of war, found the Duke ready to fight his line along the ridge. All day long the chestnut "Copenhagen" carried him through the lines of weary men.

With the falling of light and the last desperate charge of the Guard, a volley crashes from his unbeatable line. The French Guard broke and with it the memory of many victories melted away. The Duke gallops off with a single officer to order the advance.

Darkness has fallen. The firing and the pursuit rolls mile away with the remnant of the Grand Armee. The Iron Duke rides slowly back over the field of Waterloo—both man and horse exhausted. "Copenhagen" steps well around a prostrate figure on the ground. A soldier mortally wounded, with a bullet through his lungs. The Duke, leaning out from the saddle, recognizes an "Old eninsular," one who had served with conspicuous bravery and devotion throughout his campaigns—"Atkins," now stricken and dying, while his General stoops over him.

How vividly it all comes back. He could scarce restrain another tear. What could be done for "Atkins," who, with catching breath and bloody mouth, tries to form his words: "It's all right, sir; it's all right. Don't worry about me—it's all in the day's work."

So died "Thomas Atkins," who had enrolled to fight for King and Country. He served with Wellington, the Iron Duke, and endured the ordeal—the hazard of death. In that great hour he was lifted to the heights of the highest or what else approximates to the Divine—this mortal life of ours. Through death to life acquired a sincerity more moving and a simplicity more heroic.

The Duke recalled a phrase of the Greek orator, "How fortunate the dead who have fallen in battle: and how fortunate are we to whom sorrow comes in so glorious a shape." "Where so many had fallen close to me, the finger of Providence was upon me, and I escaped unhurt," he subsequently wrote to a friend.

Now the reverie is ended—the recollections are complete. The Iron Duke, turning to the waiting officer, requests that he convey his compliments to the Secretary for War together with his approval of the new form, upon which he now bids the officer write down the name, "Thomas Atkins."

"God bless you, Tommy Atkins,
Here's your country's love to you."

Margery Leland

by D. Wilson

In a moment she will be coming out of the cloakroom, and I shall escort her onto the dance floor. How would you feel if you had been duped into taking a girl to the school dance, the big affair of the year? You would feel much worse if that girl were Margery Leland. However, now that the time has come, I am resigned to my fate. Things have happened fast lately, and I am still wondering how she did it.

It all started about three weeks ago in the Latin class. Every time I gave a wrong answer, she would turn around in her seat and stare at me as if I had offended her terribly. She would start severely for a whole minute at a time, sometimes. A brown boyish bob and brown bespectacled eyes, she was the most affected creature I had ever seen. Already she was a prim little old maid.

Well, says I to myself, I can put a stop to this. I know her type. If I wink at her now she will blush, and draw her eyes away, and never look at me again for the rest of the year. And so I did it. I stared at her for a while, and she stared back at me—then I winked. Almost immediately I knew I had made a mistake, that I had her doped out all wrong. First her mouth fell open just a bit, and then she slowly made her mouth and eyes as large as she could, and putting her head away over on one side, tilted so that it almost touched her shoulder, she smiled at me heartily. Considerably flustered, I drew maw eyes away, and avoided her gaze for the rest of the period.

When I think of what happened between that day and this, I cannot help but admire the tenacity of the girl and the efficiency with which she worked.

Now, take me, for insance. When I get a crush on a girl I just wait and pine, hoping that some day I shall knock senseless some fresh guy who is accosting her. But Margery Leland is a materialist. She just spat on her hands and tore into the job.

It was, of course, easy for her to get an introduction. But what queer twist of fate caused it to be my best friend that did the job? Margery flashed me an idiotic grin, and the funny feeling in my stomach was not love. She no doubt expect-

(Continued on Page 3)

A Champion All The Way

By John Kieran

It seems that Joe Louis is always doing the righ thing. He is simply grand, and the words "simply grand" are used advisedly. He is simple, straightforward, honest and natural in speech and action. He is grand, whether that word is used in the colloquial English sense of "superlatively good, admirable, really swell" or with the more scholarly implications that come with its Latin derivation, "large, imposing, beyond ordinary dimensions."

So with reference to Joe Louis, it goes double. By his bearing and his actions it may be that he has done more for the Negro race than any man since Booker T. Washington. And he has done plenty for the white race, too. He has shown them a boxing champion who never dodged a fight with a fit opponent, never delayed in taking one of them on, never quibbled over the rules or the referee, never took unfair advantage over a rival in the ring, didn't whimper in defeat, didn't crow in victory, and altogether was an outstanding example of the best qualities that the boxing game can produce.

Setting Another Record

Joe Louis was also the first world's heavyweight champion to put his crown on the line in a fight that, as far as he was concerned, was all for charity. When he is in uniform at Camp Upton tomorrow he will be the first heavyweight champion to wear that crown and a soldier suit at the same time.

Well, what's so great about a big fellow, a heavyweight champion fighter, going into the Army? Thousands upon thousands of skinny unknowns have gone into the Army and nobody cheered them except their families and close relatives. Why all this to-do about Joe Louis? He's just doing what's right, isn't he?

Quite so. He's just doing what's right. Don't look now, but how many of us always do what's right? (Stop pointing.) Most of the misery in the world is caused by persons who don't always do what's right. There were 35,000 deaths by auto accident in this country in 1940, most of them caused by thoughtlessness, selfishness and bad manners. It's as simple as that. The drivers of so many cars didn't do the right thing as citizens of a civilized community. Joe Louis always has done the right thing since he has been under the public eye.

Grasping the Opportunities

It's true that Joe Louis has had wonderful opportunities for doing the right thing. A roll-call of those who had wonderful opportunities and made so use of them would run till the crack of doom. The point is that Joe Louis Barrow, an unlettered Negro up from the cotton fields, never missed a chance to make good. He didn't wait for Opportunity to knock twice like the postman: Joe was there at the door, in training, ready and fit for the job.

The Shuffler is a man of few words and great deeds in his sphere. A couple of weeks ago, in a sequestered place, this observer asked Joe what he expected to do when he went into the Army.

"Do what they tell me," said Joe. And not another word.

Simple, isn't it? Simple in the best sense of the word. Some fellows—very decent chaps, too—are finicky. They want to be in the pack artillery or the anti-aircraft or the radio section or the aerial photographic branch. They have their prejudices or their preferences, some of them quite logical and sensible.

But Joe Louis, a famous figure, the heavyweight champion of the world, has no preference. He will go where thev order him to go. He will do what they tell him to do. He feels that his superior officers will know better than he does what he should do. So far he has done about everything he should have done. This, above all, would be no time to stop.

Joe will know how to take orders. He has been taking them from Trainer Jack Blackburn ever since he entered the ring. Taking those orders and carrying them out to the best of his ability.

Shining in Defeat

There was just one time when he missed. Certainly Trainer Blackburn didn't order him to go out there and take that fearful beating in his first meeting with Max Schmeling. Something went wrong that night. But good came of it in the long run. It made Joe a better fighter. He learned something in defeat and he profited by it in later battles.

One thing learned about Joe Louis by all onlookers that evening was that he knew how to lose as well as win. He never gave up until he was knocked senseless. He climbed off th floor and fought back as long as he could wave his arms. And when he last he made no excuse and he lodged no complaint against the weather, the ring platform, the referee, his opponent or the gods of chance. He lost; that was all. The other fellow licked him. It's too bad that his example isn't followed more often by other workers in the same trade.

That's Another Story

The late Ring Lardner wrote a savage short story entitled "The Champion." It was a merciless masterpiece, a satirical exposure of what sometimes—alas, that such things should be!—occurs in the boxing game. The Lardner portrayal was of a boxing champion who was a hero in the public and strictly a rat of the lowest degree in private. Any fancied resemblance to any person then living was not entirely coincidental.

There have been such champions. But here's Joe Louis. And that's another story. There have been fine fellows in the boxing game, men who were champions out of the ring as well as inside the ropes. But none with a finer record than Joe Louis. A great fighter, a thorough sportsman, a modest gentleman, a good citizen and, now, the proudest title of all, a soldier of the U.S.A.

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vague . . . A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

By Margaret Robertson

It seems there was a man walking down Broadway with an alligator on a leash beside him. The little alligator wasn't behaving particularly nicely. In fact, he kept doing the most embarrassing things, such as biting people or even eating them whole. Time after time, but ever in vain, his frantic owner appealed to his sense of decency. Finally, in sheer desperation, said the man:

"Listen, little alligator, if you don't be good, I'll go and take two aspirin, and then you just won't be there to be seen any more."

This charming little anecdote has nothing to do with the topic, of course, except that a considerate friend suggested that it might be a suitable contribution for the "Department of Utter Vacuity" in our new magazine. Which we will now tell you about.

We had been thumbing through a copy of one of Canada's better known women's magazines, and after much painful perusal, we tossed it aside with a deliberate exclamation of disgust, mostly because of the fiddle faddle that feminine Canada seemed to prefer to read. Better someone should compose a feminine Esquire, crossed between Wee Wisdom and the New Yorker.

The idea became intriguing — so draping ourselves around the back of a convenient chair, we medititatively chewed the end of a pencil and thought. And this is what we thought:

Granted, we wanted a different type of woman's magazine minus palpitating propaganda—so, who for editor? Profound speculation produced the verdict that there was only one person suitable for the position, so Cornelius Otis Skinner got the job. After all, anyone who can write, "Excuse It, Please," and still look intelligent, let alone beautiful, shall be second to none on our staff.

And then — articles and short stories. Sall Benson probably writes the most satisfyinb short stories, so we'll have her. Dorothy Parker also writes good short stories spasmodically, if you're feeling that way. There won't be any serials, but instead each month The Great Novel of the Year will be presented, featuring Daphne Du Maurier, Edna Ferber or Phyllis Bottome. All three would likely be delighted to supplant that gruesome twosome of Faith Baldwin and Kathleen Norris in the wildly throbbing hearts of American womanhood. We'd like to have Gipsy Rose Lee, too, since she wrote her G-String Murder Mystery, but our cautious spirit warns us that inviting Gipsy R. Lee into a magazine without a tacit understanding between us would be like letting Petty and his talents lose in The Presbyterian Record. We could be wrong, of course.

Eleanor Roosevelt will find her way in (if she so wishes), and also Dorothy Thompson, the Admirable. We say admirable, because of the courage it must have taken to marry strong-minded Sinclair Lewis in the first place—a courage second only to that which divorcing him must have occasioned.

We felt the need for humor, too, so casting about for a cartoonist, we nominated Helen Hokinson, also of the New Yorker staff. We could put in a plug and say that she has just published a volume of cartoons, but it does seem a little irrelevant.

Dorothy Parker and her verses will be accepted as often as they come. Especially apt is a poem entitled (with more truth than anything else we can think of) "Words of Comfort to be Scratched on a Mirror":

Helen of Troy nad a wandering glance,
Sappho's restriction was only the sky,
Ninnon occasioned much chatter in in France—
But oh! what a good girl am I!

Likewise Kay Hosking ,Sat. Eve. Post), Ethel Jacobson and Carolyn Wells are capable of turning out some fairly rippling rhymes at times.

And then we considered regular departments for this magazine, and here are the ohsogood! treats in store for our happy readers. We did feel that certain departments have become indispensable to the female reading populace. These, of course, will be retained in:

1. Crust: How-to-Handle-and-We-Don't - Mean - Pie - Department, by Dorothy Dix (or reasonable facsimile).

2. Lady Be Good or Why-Don't-We-Do-This - More - Often Department, by Emily Post (of course).

We also felt that if there was to be a CookingHomemaking-Health-Beauty-Fashions and Child Welfare Department, that it would require an expert in the field. We found, strangely enough, that the only one really competent was a male, so waiving all precedents, we chose Ransome Sherman. Mr. S., you will remember, first sky-rocketed to fame on Club Matinee, that hopelessly hintful program for all America. We commend the organization of our "Cheery Little Homemakers Club" to him.

Our Book Reviews will be done, oddly enough, by a book reviewer—Dorothy Canfield. She's the one who writes for the Book of the Month Club News.

Following (or are you?), or About Town Column may be handled by Elsa Maxwell, or even Peggy McEvoy, who seems much too bright to be forever shackled to the Ladies Home Journal. Mary Lowery Ross, who writes consistently for the Toronto Saturday Night, will do Drama, Radio and Music, probably very well, too—a nice "you have to show me first" writing style is hers.

Movie Reviews presented quite a problem. Actually it should be fairly simple, but it isn't. We rejected Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper for various reasons; in fact, the same reasons that we don't play snooker or listen to Country Gardens. So we decided that the poet was right when he said what he said about things near at hand being the closest, so we'll string along with Movie Reviews by Pine, if he'll do them for us.

And it's here that our plans for a new scintillating magazine began to disappear. Some other time we'll continue our foolish fabrications, but we fear that in whatever manner the magazine might be handled, in the long run it would be dyed in the wool and found wanting.

In closing we must say that any resemblance to any literary accomplishment past or present will be purely detrimental.

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Margery Leland

(Continued from Page 2)

ed me to walk home with her, and since I did not offer to, she walked home with me.

She talked of everything, mostly of the school dance that was coming up. And it was also during this walk that I found she was a very good friend of a distant cousin of mine. That doesn't sound very ominous, does it? Well, it gave her access to our house. I don't know why Ma was so cordial. Why, heck, we got relatives scattered all through the country.

At first I made a point of being out when she called, but Ma put her foot down and said I had to stay and see her. Margery would pretend she came to see Ma at first, and Ma would call me, talk to us for a while, and leave us alone.

She came three times that week. Once she brought me some candy, but she never took me out anywhere. She didn't seem to want to do anything but sit and talk, and a boy gets tired of that. I tried to make an arrangement with Dad whereby he was to call down to her when she stayed later than eleven-thirty, but he wouldn't do it. The second week, when I found that Margery would snuggle up to me every chance she got, I talked to mother, and asked her to stay in the room and chaperone us, but she wouldn't co-operate either.

I remember the night it happened. It was all very vivid. She had been invited to stay for dinner, and I remember everything, until I heard her calmly tell Me that I was taking her to the school dance. I was staggered, and there were bells pealing wildly inside my head. It might have been ten seconds, it might have been an hour later, that I was wondering vaguely if she had that in writing.

Later, when Margery was gone, I told Ma that I hadn't asked her and thatI didn't want to take her. I stormed and fumed until I was weak, but it did no good. Margery was a nice girl; she would feel hurt if I didn't take her now, and mother would give me the money. I had probably made the girl believe, mother said, that I intended taking her. Even if it were only some passing remar¼, she went on, that Margery misinterpreted. Indeed, it would be good for me to cultivate a girl like that. Ma harped on these things every day, just as I raged and pleaded.

I don't know how the days have passed so quickly. Tonight at eight I called for her. The music will start any moment, and I must check over her program to make sure that everything is as it should be.

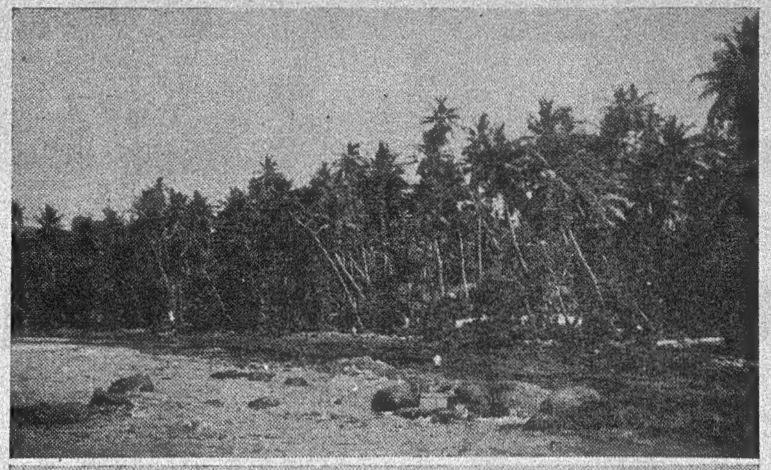
I went to considerable time and trouble, filling out her program. She is having the second dance with a fellow who is seven feet two inches tall. Next, she will "trip the light fantastic" with Pawketedition Bottswell, a boy so-called because his total height is four and one-half feet. Her fourth is with the boy who has the most potent dose of halitosis in the school. Her fifth and sixth are with the fellows whose names she gave me when I asked her if there was anyone she particularly did not want to dance with.

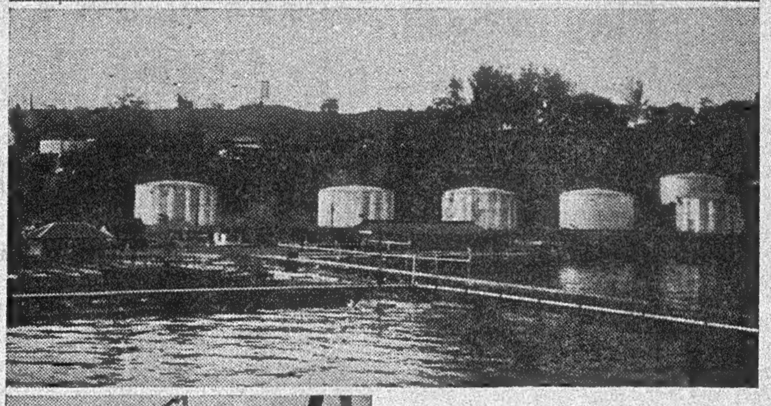
Most of the fellows I have booked for after intermission are the boys who generally attend these functions pie-eyed. There is a whole gang of them; they don't belong to the school, and they make regular fools of themselves•wherever they go. A lot of girls could enjoy themselves with these lads, but Margery will be thinking of her reputation—and so am I.

For the second last dance there is a negro and his girl-friend I think that I can contact. I know them both well, and Margery knows them slightly, so why shouldn't we trade dances, apart from the fact that Margery isn't very democratic?

This dance will not be much fun for me, but all the while I shall be thinking of Margery, and as long as I am sure that she is suffering, I shall be satisfied. I never could dance, anyway.

Don't miss the merriest of Gilbert and Sullivan operas—get your tickets now in either Arts basement or at Heintzman's.





These are pictures by Alan McDougal, writer of the article below. They were taken while he travelled through the Dutch East Indies. The top picture shows a typical island coastline where the Japanese are at present conducting landing operations. The centre picture is of the oil storage tanks at Balik Papan. It was reported over Canadian Press news Thursday that the Dutch had destroyed these tanks in face of a Japanese invasion. The lower picture shows McDougall and some of his friends on board ship. McDougal is on the left.

ONCE THERE WAS PEACE

By Alan McDougal

For anyone who has shipped somewhere "east of Suez, where a man can—and very often does—raise a thirst," it is difficult not to compare the present turbulent state of the area to the pre-war tranquility. Outside of a typhoon or the "Willies," the odd international scrap on the waterfront, and a Mohammedan beating up a Hindu, there was a general air of peace and quiet floating over the islands. Reminiscences are all very well for oneself, but they get tiresome to others. Also, news commentators are a dime a dozen right now, so your correspondent will merely trace the course of a passage through what are now trouble spots as it was during peace time and, well—maybe he will break in now and then with a touch of this news analyst business. But not very much.

You see, our passage to Africa had been cancelled and we were thrown into the eastern trade. We spent some six months around the islands, crossing the Line about six times before we were thrown out again. Although we never became Joseph Conrads, we really did get to like the places, the people and the scenes. Naturally we think of these same places and people today, and sometimes wonder how they are faring. Probably not very well.

There was nothing particularly different or exciting about this passage. It just forms a contrast with the present.

From the Malay peninsula down towards Australia stretch groups of islands, partially blocking the way eastward. Singapore guards the most important funnel. But there are other lesser ones which provide a means of marine communication between the Indian Ocean and the Pacific proper. I am going to describe one of our passages through such a gap, and attempt to give it a pre-war flavor.

We'd finished cargo—8,000 tons of Australian wheat for the Chinese—on a Thursday, but the Old man with due respect for superstition, refused to sail on a Friday. Saturday morning, April 15, we cast off and were headed for Balik Papan and Shanghai. A day later and we rounded the south-western tip of Australia. The sea was choppy, but not too rough, a cool north-westerly wind counteracted any excess heat of the sun. Some of the hands had their hair cut very short by the greaser-barber. It turned out that they had swapped their elegant appearance for a spot of coolness topside.

Day after day the ship plugged along at her 11.5 knots, slicing through this very blue and leisurely sea; catching flying fish on her forward well deck and letting a dolphin or two come up to scratch on her stubby bow. Not another ship on the ocean. At least, we coudn't see one. Work was proceeding as slowly but as continuously as it usually does when just out of port. The spars and bulkheads were getting another coat of paint. Taking the wheel on days like these was child's play, and there was always a snooze in the hammock when off watch. Only one incident marred an otherwise calm and peaceful week. The skipper had seen the hands of the "Albany Star" in the last port, soogying in the rain. He was impressed by the good job fresh rain water did in washing away the stains of a little soogying. So when the first squall caught up with us, all hands were ordered forward to get the necessary equipment and get to work while the rain washed the ship and everyone on deck as only a tropical squall can do. Sure and the Old Man's ears must have been pretty hardy not to have been affected by some of the Irish prayers offered up on his behalf that afternoon.

Sighted our first landfall since we left the Aussie coast, at 10 a.m. April 22. We were approaching one of the gateways that would lead us through the islands. A soft rain was falling at the time and visibility wasn't any too good. There are several disadvantages in going through a strait like this one. To begin with, the Strait of Lombok is bounded on the south by the Dutch island of Lombok and on the north by the island of Bali, with the smaller bit of land, Nusa Bera, tucked against the latter. In addition to this, several sizeable headlands jut out from Nusa Bera, highlands which drop from high rocky points, and envelope inlets which can look very much a strait when given the right weather conditions.

On the bridge several alterations were made in the ship's course, with the Captain administering a few tongue blitzes to the third mate, and an A.B. replacing an apprentice at the wheel. The rocky island loomed up in a most inhospitable manner. After resisting the allure of one of its inlets, we swung into the strait proper at a rather oblique angle. Just then the rain ceased, and nothing but a very faint mist hung over the shoreline, with a brilliant sun above rapidly disintegrating the threads.

Bits of coconut, trees and large leaves came swirling past the sides of the ship. This brings up the problem of off-shore currents and tides, of which there are many, and all quite powerful. It must have been fun getting through here in a windjammer. The opening is nineteen miles wide, approximately, and through it regularly pour the tides and currents of great bodies of water. Hidden reefs abound, their only marking being a different tinge of green in the water over the spot. This would suggest, if naval comment was necessary, that any ships caught in here by bombers wouldn't have much room to skip around in, and from what we have heard this has been the case in several instances.

The land on either side was moving astern very, very slowly, and at times it seemed as though we had lost steerage way, but it never got that bad. We crept by to starboard of a hidden roof which the charts said was three and a half fathoms down. We were drawing about four. It was rather fascinating to watch this light green spot glide reluctantly by. Our hitting it or missing it wouldn't make the slightest bit of difference to the silent waters, shores and trees. They would remain as they have always been—alone, aloof, mysterious and grand. Digger came down from the wheel shortly after, and commenting on this particular reef, remarked, "I put the blasted wheel hard to starboard and she still swung to port," which didn't bother us then, seeing as how we had left it safely astern.

Still haven't seen another ship. The doldrum weather seems to be with us again. Bali still to port and Lombok to starboard. First one comes out at us, recedes and leaves room for the other to step forward. Not a sign of life, which is disappointing, because we've heard a lot of stories about Bali which might bear a little investigating. The whole landscape is covered with a dense vegetation. The land is rolling and a few mountains push their way far up into the clouds, their crests shadowed in wonderful blue, violet and purple hues. Mt. Sangkerang, in the interior of Lombok, rises to a height of over ten thousand feet. Sandy beaches are not very common; usually the trees and shrubs are separated from the shore by a thin strip of rocky or sandy shoreline. An interesting point about Bali is that of the races inhabiting the island, Balinese and Sassaks, the former are the more aggressive and domineering, which, considering that the Sassaks are Mohammedans, is surprising.

Towards evening another squall sprang up, practically blotting out the scenery, and the next morning other islands had taken the place of Bali and Lombok. Small coral affairs, handy for a five-minute walk, but not much more.

April 25th we passed through the straits of Macassrar and picked up the Celebes. The land stretched far away to the north, long and narrow; mountains and valleys covered with the same variety of rich green hues. We were a day behind our scheduled arrival at Balik Papan, but around sunset on the 26th a ridge of land came up over the horizon. This was Borneo.

(To be continued)

Parliament On Parade

By Alan Harvey

OTTAWA, Jan. 20 (C.P.). — The man of the hour in the sports world this week is Maj. Arthur A. Burridge, 50-year-old Director of Athletics at Hamilton's McMaster University.

To the annual meeting of the Eastern Rugby Football Union in Ottawa last Saturday, Burridge brought just enough determination of purpose, just enough enthusiasm, to transfer what might have been a routine business conference into a meeting with a mission.

Fresh from a two-day conference at Detroit late in December, at which 2,700 delegates representing military and educational authorities placed themselves on record in favor of extending and strengthening the United States sport program as a war contribution, the balding, broad-shouldered athletic chief needed only a few words to get his message across.

Almost as soon as he had finished, the delegates endorsed his suggestion that the Eastern Union take the lead for all sport bodies in the Dominion by naming a five-man committee to interview Defence Minister Ralston. Purpose: to find out just what the Government thinks about sport in war-time.

If sports-minded students in Canadian universities hoped this week for restoration of some of their normal athletic privileges, Burridge and the other four gentlemen on the committee must have been largely responsible.

Something's Cooking

This department has run into nothing but grief in its attempts to obtain official reactions on the proposal by the Medical Society of the University of Toronto that medical students in the last three years of their be permitted to enlist in medical units of the three fighting services.

Calls to the national defence department and the national war services department produced only the comment that the proposition is being studied by the Government, and an interview with Brig. R. M. Gorslline, chief of the defence department's Medical Services, brought the rejoinder: "There's absolutely nothing I can say for publication on this thing now . . ."

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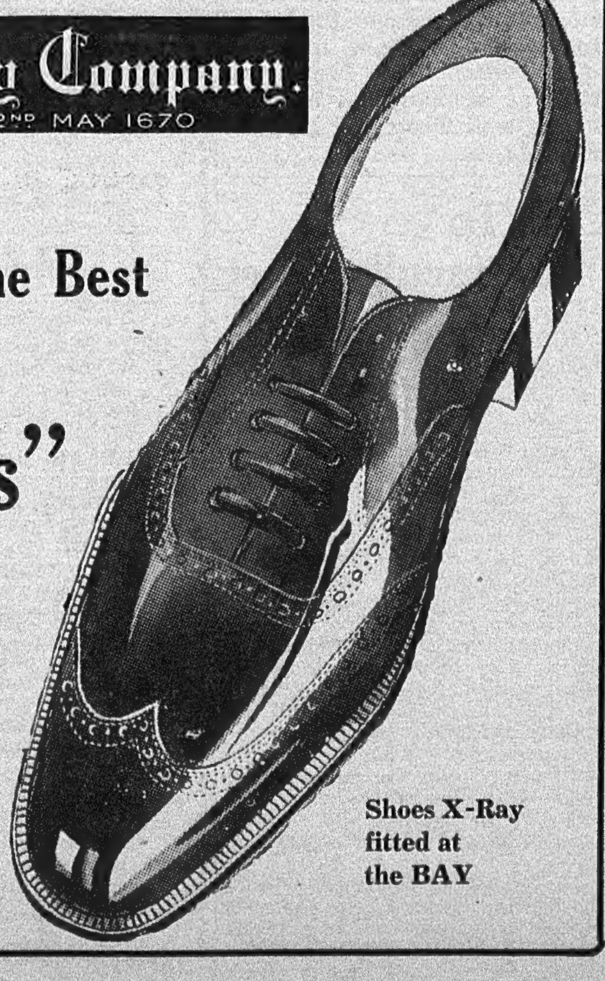
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GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

Varsity Trounces Latter Day Saints, 30-12 Score

Meds-Pharm-Dents Trim Arts; MacKay Again Tops Scoring; Ag-Com-Law Whip Engineers

STUART GOALS THREE IN A ROW

The Med-Pharm-Dents swamped the Arts team Wednesday night 9-4. From all observations, the M-P-D team look like the team to win the Interfac League this year. But the season is not yet over, and the Ag-Com-Law aggregation stand a good chance of beating the M-P-D team. However, this statement only carries as much weight as the A-G-L's effort.

For a period the A-G-L team was going out wide and handsome. Either the idea that they couldn't lose or didn't want to win must have got hold of them, for they have been neglecting practices.

In the scoring race, Bruce Mackay stretched his lead still further by scoring five times. Costigan, an ex-Golden Bear, and Brown each scored twice to help hoist the winners' score. Stuart, also an ex-Bear, pulled down three birdies, Schrader the other, while Frank Quigiey assisted in the Ag-Com-Law win over the Engineers.

Lineups:
Arts—Ryski, Colter, J. Quigley, G. Brimacombe, Kuzyk, Lemieux, Carr, Cuthbertson, Hall, McNally.
M-P-D—Hewko, Mackay, Costigan, Brown, Baker, Butler, Dimock, Niddrie, Bradley, Jones, Moreau.

Second Game

Lineups:
A-C-L—Harrison, Jackson, Hill, F. Quigley, Stuart, Schrader, Taylor, Morie, Garvin.
Engineers — Setters, Lambert, Smith, Crowder, Thornton, Rappel, Chesney, Panchyshyn, Dutka, D'Appolonia, Yavis, Scott.

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These Ten To Play in Sask.

Demetrie Elefthery is a Sophomore taking Arts and Science. Came from U.B.C two years ago, where he had been playing Senior basketball for two years. Home is in Vancouver, where he had also played high school basketball. Is a forward who knows how to break fast. Is good on long shots. Height 5ft. 8in., weight 150.

Sammie Sheckter—Junior taking Arts and Science. Is a local product, graduating from local Y team. As a forward he knows how to break fast and get away long shots. Height 5ft. 7in., weight 140. Has played for two years on Senior team.

Bob Dumont—Taking second year Arts. Home is in Galloway, B.C It is his first year on the Senior team, but last year he played on the interfac champions. Is good under the basket. Height 6ft. 1in., weight 188. Is a guard.

Jack Switzer—Sophomore in Applied Science from Calgary, Alberta. Has played a lot of basketball before coming here. Is his first year with the Senior team. A smooth player, he makes an excellent forward with his ability to make plays. Height 5ft. 6in., weight 135.

Albert Golden—Another Edmonton lad taking Applied Science. Is in his third year. This is his first year on the Senior team. Others years he has starred for the Y Amis. In his role as a forward he shoots a lot. Height 5ft. 6in., weight 140.

John Larson—Came from Cardston, Alberta, where he played several years with that A-1 team. Is a Freshman in Arts and Science. Quite a fast forward, he shows great promise. Height 5ft. 9in., weight 155.

Ed Patching — Freshman taking Ag, from Lethbridge. Played on the high school team there. Is his first experience with a Senior team, but plays a level-headed game. Height 6ft., weight 180. Plays guard.

Fay Anderson—Commerce student in his third year. Is a veteran with the Senior team. Is another product of the Lethbridge Collegiate Institute. Is a good forward, who does a lot of checking. Height 5ft. 8in., weight 150.

Don Kyle—Also from Lethbridge. A Freshman taking Applied Science. Played for three years before coming here. Plays centre, where he is capable of making good plays. Height 6ft 2in., weight 160.

Doug Taylor—Came from U.B.C., where he had played for three years. Is a Senior here this year. Plays guard. Is steady and careful. Height 5ft. 11in., weight 175.

These are the ten men that are going to represent Alberta at Saskatchewan. Are all former players, and should be capable of turning in a fine show.

Bears Show Promise For Final Clash With Huskies Next Week; Lose to Normal by 3 Points

SHECKTER IS TOP SCORER

Turning in a great game on Wednesday night, Varsity squad trounced the Latter Day Saints 30-12. The Golden Bears were in great form, and little was left to be desired in their game. If the squad can manage to show the same form when encountering the Saskatchewan team, there are excellent prospects of beating them.

Varsity took over an early lead, and the score was 18-4 at the end of half-time. There was no score in the third, but the fourth period saw a spirited rally by the L.D.S. squad. Final score was 30-12.

Sammy Sheckter was top scorer with 7 points. All the rest of the team, with the exception of Patching, garnered a few points.

Lineups:
L.D.S.—Kirkham 2, Skidmore 4, Stevens, Baker 4, Aydellotte, Wadell, Sherwood 2.
Varsity—Anderson 4, Elefthery 2, Dumont 2, Kyle 4, Sheckter 7, Switzer 2, Larson 4, Patching, Taylor 4.
Referee—Ronnie Keeler.

The Golden Bears' game on Thursday night was a complete reversal of the game with the L.D.S. the night before. It seemed that the fellows were quite tired, and lacked that punch they show when fresh. However, the Normal squad turned in a surprisingly good game.

As usual, Kirkpatrick turned in a stellar game for the Normalites, netting 16 points. Sheckter and Elefthery clicked with 8 and 10 points. It could be said that the loss of Fay Anderson, owing to personal fouls, contributed much to Varsity's defeat. The score was 25-24 at the end of the third, in favor of Golden Bears. When Anderson was relieved of his duty, so was Normal, who elbowed their way in for 10 points to our 6.

Close checking featured the game. It was a well refereed game also, and the squad felt they had benefitted by it. All indications show the Senior team is shaping up well.

Lineups:
Varsity—Larson 2, Taylor, Sheckter 8, Anderson 4, Switzer 3, Kyle 2, Dumont, Golden 2, Elefthery 10.
Normal—Card 3, Menzies, McIntosh 4, McKonky, Murray 2, Karashowsky, Hansen 9, Sadoway, Kirkpatrick 16.

Fencing Notice

Regular workouts are being held at the Fencing Club, in preparation for the assault-at-arms. All members are urged to turnout to the workouts held every Monday and Wednesday night at 8 o'clock.

A tournament is being arranged to choose members to represent Alberta at the assault-at-arms. The tournament will probably be held during the week of Jan. 26. The assault-at-arms will be held on Feb. 28th.

Archery, a Sport For the Expert

Some of you may think that archery is just something that Dan Cupid fools around with, and the people who belong to the University Women's Archery Club, but after getting this report from the club itself, we're thinking it's maybe a lot of fun, good sport, and—well, maybe, good protection. If the members of the women's club are half as good as some of the people mentioned below—well, you'd better look out, that's all.

Anyway, here is a report on what some people can do with archery tackle.

Sid Snell of Red Deer, now overseas with the C.A.S.F., can put six arrows consecutively into an ordinary soup tin at 35 yards, all within one minute. He also knocked the tail feather out of a crow at 180 yards—a fluke shot, but good! Dick Philp of Calgary, a strapping six-footer who uses a 30 lb. hickory bow, bagged 66 gophers in a single afternoon's shoot. Dick avoids target shooting, believing in "instinctive aim" shooting and small targets that permit concentration of focus. Hugh Weatherby of Victoria bagged himself three domestic goats gone wild, and has bagged two deer consecutive seasons. Claims he can hit a dollar bill as far as he can see it, and has won $17 that way on wagers! Rupert Weekes of Coalspur has a sleeping robe 8 feet square made out of rabbit skins, all rabbits shot by bow 'n arrow. Don Mortimer of Didsbury has bagged four weasels in one summer; maybe that sounds easy, but weasels can actually duck arrows, and take some hitting. Jim Marshall, former Canadian now at Chicago, while shooting at a 3-inch bull's eye at 30 yards, once made nine consecutive bulls! George Russell, Red Deer, overseas now in the air force, bagged four Snowshoe rabbits with only five shots, at ranges from 20 to 45 yards, all clean kills.

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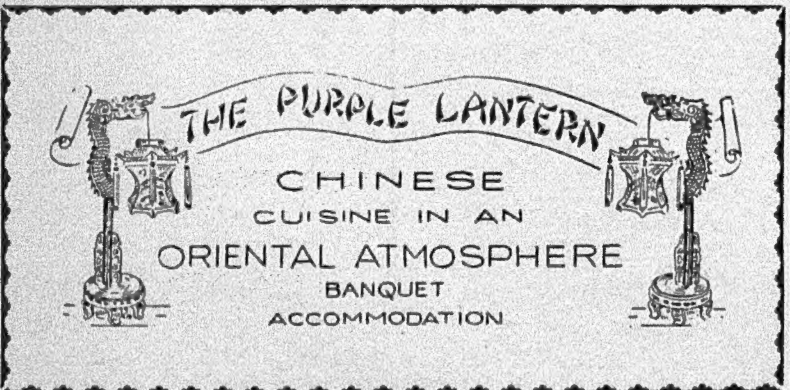

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From The Sideline

By Mike Bevan

Hockey on the campus this year has not been given many breaks. It has been pushed, reduced, and mangled to fit around the Army, clubs and a close budget. Yet in spite of all these hazards, especially the last, the present Interfac League has turned in a remarkable performance so far. Now that it has got this far, two features should be brought to mind. Firstly, the league has so far survived, mainly on account of the efforts of four praise-deserving coaches: Levesque, Baker, Loveseth and Timmins. Secondly, this league will continue to be a success if the present spirit and turnout never falters.

* * * *

The remarkable success of the Interfac Hockey League, the wonderful turnouts, has caused Bob Fritz to believe a second B League may be formed again this year. If all you fellows who once turned out and are not turning out now, owing to overcrowding and lack of facilities, want to justify Bob's confidence and interest, just drop around to his office on the main floor of the South Lab and tell him so. He will appreciate any move made to assist in the formation of a B League, and I'm sure you will enjoy it just as much.

* * * *

Elsewhere on this page is a brief lineup of the players who are going to represent Alberta in the inter-university clash at Saskatoon. Look it over. It is only a rough guide, but it should help you to know your team better.

* * * *

There has been quite a bit said about our Varsity rink this year. Evidently it has not been getting the proper support. Why? I cannot conceive. After observing how efficiently the staff handled the large crowd which attended the Outdoor Club party last night, I wondered still more. The ice is as good as anywhere else on the South Side and the service better. When it comes to music, the selection and variety is one hundred per cent. better. It's our rink, we've paid for it, so let's go.

* * * *

There have been a lot of enquiries plus the usual alkali remarks about what was wrong with the Sport Page last week. Not only was it obvious, but embarrassing. Being my first venture into the realms of paper and glue, I am entirely to blame. However, if you will accept an apology and bear up under the strain, I promise all will be well when Bill Hewson returns to guide the policy of this page.

U. of A. Swimming Club To Sponsor Interfaculty Meet

The U. of A. Swimming Club sponsors the annual interfaculty swimming meet at the Y.W.C.A., Wednesday, Jan. 28. The meet begins at 8:30 p.m. sharp. It is open to all students, whether they are members of the swimming club or not.

Entries stating name, faculty and nmber of events to be entered should be given to Bob McDiarmaid or Gerdine Rowan by Tuesday night at the latest.

The program will include:

50 yds. free style (men's and women's).
100 yds. free style (men's and women's).
200 yds. free style (men's).
50 yds. breast stroke (men's and women's).
50 yds. back stroke (men's and women's).
50 yds. side stroke (men's and women's).
Style swimming (women's).
Diving (Men's and Women's).
Relay (mixed), a relay from each.

All swimmers will be grouped into three teams as follows:
1. Arts-Com-Law-School of Ed.
2. Med-Pharm-Dent-Nursing.
3. Eng., House Ec. and Ag.

Points will be kept for each swimmer in order that the faculty with the greatest number of points may be determined. A team of four or five members will be chosen from among the swimmers whose points will determine the score of the faculty to which they belong.

Non-swimmers will be admitted upon presentation of Campus "A" cards. The swimming and diving will provide an interesting evening for onlookers, especially with the absence of long-distance races.

Swimmers! — Please remember health certificates are necessary for entrance in the comptition. These may be obtained from Dr. Scott at the Infirmary between 12:30 and 1:30.

The results of this meet will be the deciding factor in the choice of picking a mixed team to compete against the U. of S. next month.

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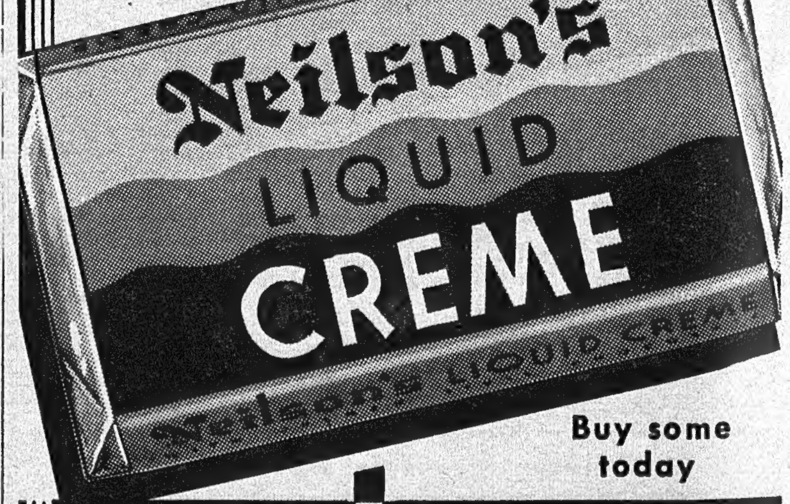

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FAMOUS PLAYERS

CAPITOL, now showing—"You'll Never Get Rich" with Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth. Starting Sat., for three days—"The Chocolate Soldier" with Nelson Eddy and Rise Steven. Coming Wed.—"One Foot in Heaven" with Frederic March and Martha Scott.

EMPRESS, now showing—"You're in the Army Now" with Jimmy Durante, Phil Slivers and Jane Wyman; also "The Gay Falcon."

PRINCESS, now showing—"The Shepherd of the Hills" with John Wayne, Betty Field and Harry Carey; also "Doomed to Die" with Boris Karloff. Coming Mon., Tues.—"The Bride Came C.O.D." with Bette Davis and James Cagney; also "East of the River" with Brenda Marshall and John Garfield.

GARNEAU, starting Sat.—"Honky Tonk" with Clark Gable and Lana Turner, and added featurettes. On Monday, added feature —Freddie Bartholomew in "Naval Academy." Coming Wed., Thurs., Fri.—"Skylark" and "Lady of the Tropics" with Hedy Lamarr.

STRAND, Fri., Sat., Mon., Jan. 23, 24, 26—Jean Parker and Chester Morris in "No Hands in the Clock," and Bill Elliott in "The Son of Davy Crockett."

ODEON THEATRES

RIALTO, for one week starting today—The laugh-a-minute show, "Feather Your Nest" with George Formby.

AVENUE, for three days starting today—"Comrade X," starring Clark Gable and Hedy Lamarr; also "Zanzibar."

ROXY, for three days starting today—"The Lady Eve" with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda; also "The Case of the Black Parrot."

VARSCONA—"A Woman's Face," starring Melvyn Douglas and Joan Crawford; also "The Great Mr. Nobody."